



T H E

Tankard of Ale.

A new SONG.

NOT yet drunk nor yet sober, yet brother to both.

I met a young man in Aylesbury Vale,
I saw in his face that he was in good case,
To go and take share of a tankard of ale,
I saw, &c.

There's the hedger that works in the ditches all day,

And labours so hard at the plough tail,
He will talk about things, about Princes and Kings,
When once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.
When once, &c.

There's the beggar that begs from door to door,

She has scarce got a rag to cover her tail,
She's as merry in rags as a miser with bags,
When once she shakes hands with a tankard of ale.
When once, &c.

There's the widow who's buried her husband of late,

Has scarcely forgot to weep and to wail,
But thinks every day ten till she's married again,
When once she shakes hands with a tankard of ale.
When once, &c.

There's the old parson's clerk, whose eyes are so dark,

And the letter so small that he scarcely can tell,
But he can tell ev'ry letter and sing a song better,
When once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.
When once, &c.

From wrangling and jangling, and all other strife,
Or any thing else that can happen to fail,
From words come to blows, and we mak bloody nose,

But friends again over a tankard of ale.
But friends, &c.

